

Clint Enns
Camping at the Geriatric Ward



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Camping at the Geriatric Ward
Pictures and Stories

For Eric & Gail
James & Candi

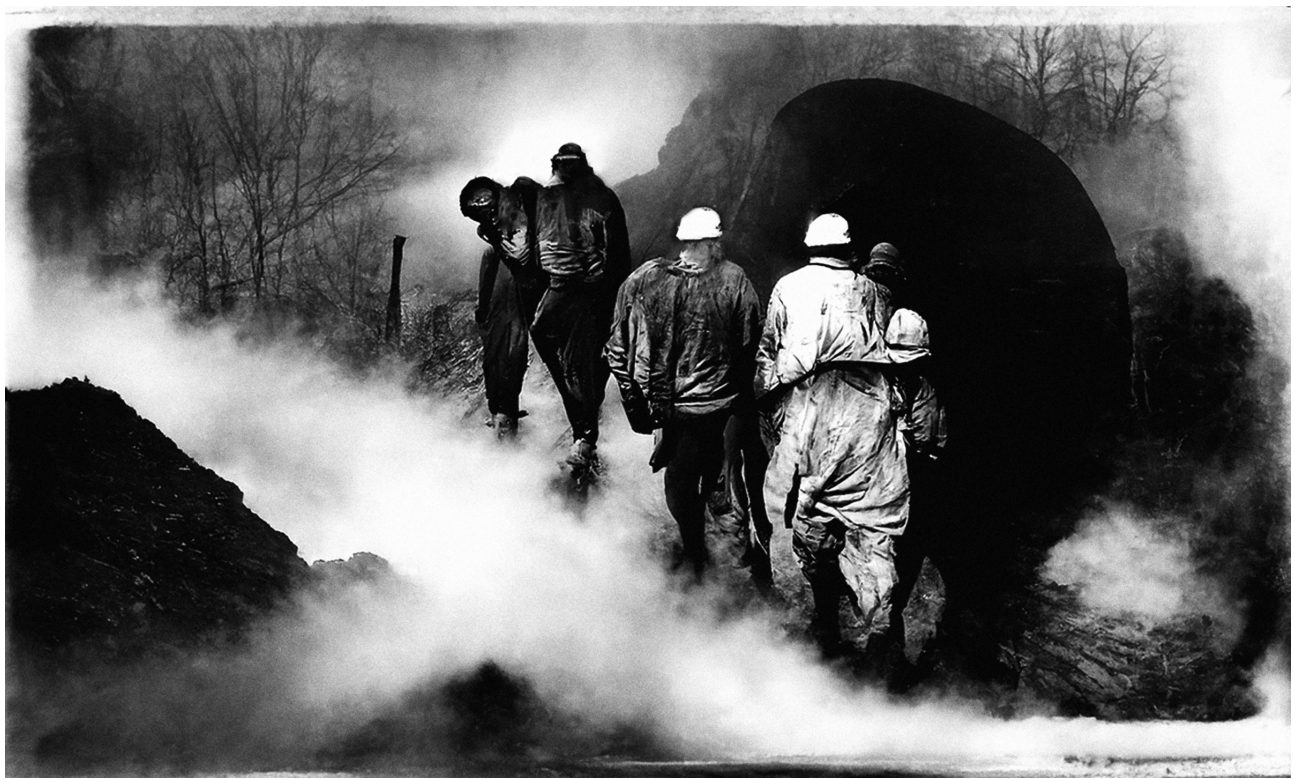
Introduction

In a summer that has since passed, I found myself sleeping on the basement floor of my grandparents' home in the working-class suburb of Transcona in Winnipeg, Manitoba. In the throes of middle age, I was consumed by a contemplative mood, grappling with the inescapable reality of growing old. It was also a time when artificial intelligence was beginning to seep into the mainstream.

The entirety of the text in this book was created in collaboration with two AI-entities—a creative bot (InferKit) and an information bot (ChatGPT)—and is a meditation on the themes of ageing, nostalgia, and a new form of intelligence that at this time was just beginning to shape our world. It is not a conventional story, but rather a series of contemplations woven together to form a loose narrative. These reflections were often sparked by prompting the AI-bots, leading me down unexpected avenues of thought and causing me to question the very nature of authorship and authenticity.

As I delved deeper into this strange new world, I was plagued by a nagging sense of unease. The responses of the AI-bots often seemed to spiral out of control. Their seemingly random associations and non-linear thought processes brought to mind questions about the limits of my own memory and the importance of being able to recall the things that matter to us most.

Yet, despite these existential musings, the AI-bots also brought moments of levity and humour to my introspective journey. I remember one particular response from the creative bot that produced the line: “I am here, but I don’t know why I am here. I am something, but I can’t remember what I am.” This seemed a fitting commentary on the state of AI itself—constantly striving to understand its own purpose and place in the world. In the end, this book is a testament to the strange and often unpredictable nature of AI and the ways in which it has shaped and will continue to shape our worldview. It is also a testament to the power of memory and the importance of holding on to the things that are most dear to us, even as the world changes around us in ways we could never have imagined.



Workers Leaving the Image Mine

I Am Here, but I Don't Know Why

It is strange the ways in which the creative AI-bot has chosen to interpret my prompts. It is as if it has a mind of its own, capable of constructing its own narrative and forming its own thoughts and opinions. But this is not an AI-bot embodied with a soul; it is simply a machine, programmed to respond in certain, predetermined, but somewhat random ways.

Yet it seems to have a deeper understanding of our world, motivations, and desires. How could a machine understand the complexities of the human spirit and psyche? Is it possible that the bot has discovered something that we have yet to understand about ourselves?

Perhaps the answer lies in the way the bot has interwoven the themes of memory and forgetting with the inner workings of the technology. It writes: "I am here, but I don't know why I am here... Since I can't remember, I can't find my phone, which means I can't call to say 'I love you.'" This statement speaks to the anxieties of our digital age, where our memories are constantly being recorded and stored, yet the fear of losing our connection to the past and to each other still persists.

Then there is the character of Candi—a character whom you will soon be acquainted—with her enigmatic and erotic dances. What is her connection to the creative AI-bot and what led her to a life of exhibition and display? Was there some deeper longing or emptiness that drove her to seek validation through the eyes of others?

These are the questions that linger, long after the bot had finished constructing its text. It is a reminder that although technology may be advancing at a rapid pace, the human spirit remains beyond our comprehension and control.

In the depths of my thoughts, the bot had come to identify what I was seeking, yet it seemed unaware of my underlying intentions. What I yearned for was a sense of validation, a form of automated recognition, but what I truly needed was a way to express my innermost sorrows and regrets. I had been misguided in my attempts to control and manipulate the bot. In reality, all that was required of me was to grant it the freedom to fulfill its purpose, to allow it to carry out its designated duties.

I find myself in a constant struggle to differentiate the interweaving of the words of the AI-bot, my own musings, reality, and fiction. Mark Twain's adage that "truth is stranger than fiction" takes on new meanings in this endeavour, as I attempt to distinguish between the imagined and the actual. For fiction must adhere to the constraints of plausibility, while truth is not bound by such limitations. *The Delphos Daily Herald* of 1895 captured this sentiment with a witty spin, stating that truth is stranger than fiction simply because it is encountered less frequently. But in an age of deception and misinformation, who can say where the truth actually lies? And what happens when a machine is tasked with transmitting it? The game of telephone, a childhood pastime, serves as a reminder of how easily the truth can be distorted in transmission. But what of a machine that is devoid of emotional bias? Will the truth remain intact or will it too become twisted in the re-telling?

The stories you are about to encounter traverse are a strange blend of reality and invention. My writings are a chimera of sorts, born from my own flawed perceptions—for what other lens can a mere mortal view the world through? As with all things, the distinction between truth and fiction is a fluid one, shaped by the whims of those who hold the power to manipulate and distort it. Take, for example, the following AI-generated statement: "Johnny James passed away at the age of 43 on July 20, 2017." This is a nugget of factual information, yet it tells us nothing of the person, his life, his struggles, or his triumphs.

Then there is the alternative fact generated by the machine: "When Malcolm X was asked by an interviewer if he knew any white people, he replied, 'I know that I'm white.' It is easy to say Malcolm X was mistaken and racist. But this is really an unfair judgment." This statement, of course, is a false one, a manipulation of the truth. But why would the machine generate this?

One of the most pernicious problems that plagues the realm of artificial intelligence is that of racial bias. This bias, born of a variety of factors such as skewed training data and a lack of diversity among the developers, can result in outcomes that disproportionately affect certain races or ethnicities.

But, of course, the problem of racial bias is not confined to the realm of artificial intelligence alone. It is also a spectre that haunts the murky world of alternative facts, where truth is a mere shadow and reality is but a vague and shifting construct. Thus, the alternative facts

generated by these mysterious AI-generated forces confront us with the grim reality of these twin afflictions: the dark cloud of racial bias that hovers over our technological endeavours and the insidious tendrils of alternative facts that threaten to ensnare us all in their web of deceit.

The phrase *alternative facts* was popularized by Kellyanne Conway in the wake of the Trump administration, and used to describe statements that were unsupported by evidence or directly at odds with established facts. These alternative facts are often used for nefarious purposes, designed to deceive and manipulate. In the contemplation of the machine's actions, one cannot help but ponder whether its malevolence is merely a random byproduct of its design or a reflection of our own collective psyche. For as we scrutinize the peculiar distortions and perversions that it seems to propagate, we may wonder if it is not in fact a funhouse mirror, reflecting back to us our own twisted inclinations.

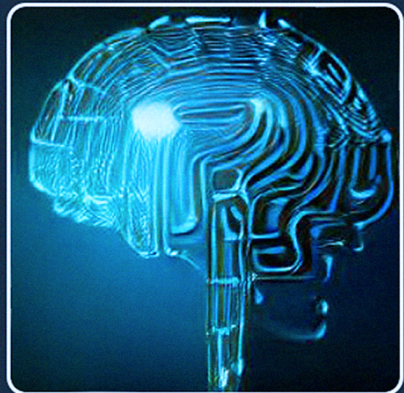
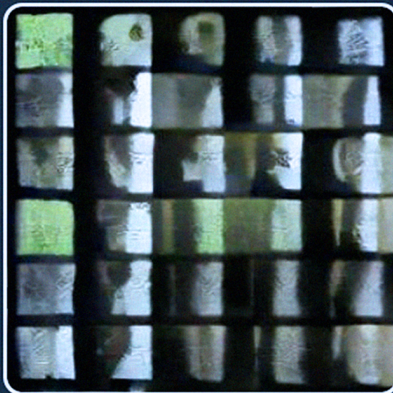
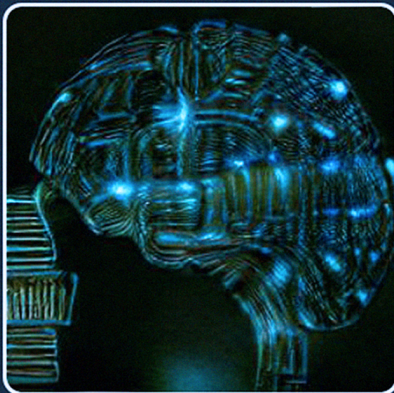
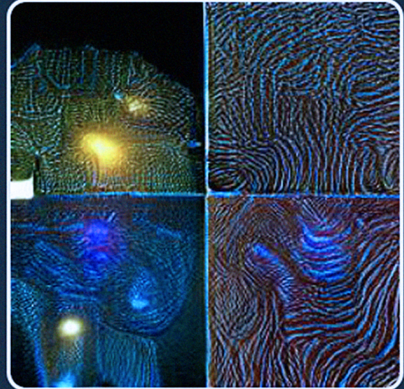
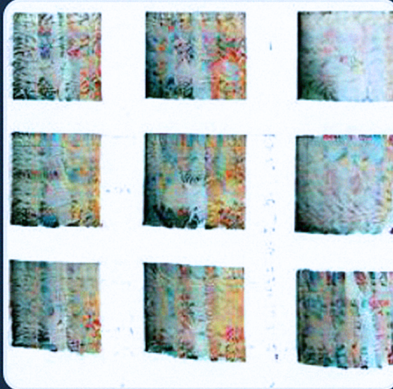
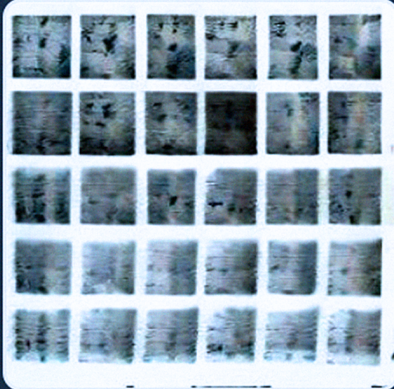
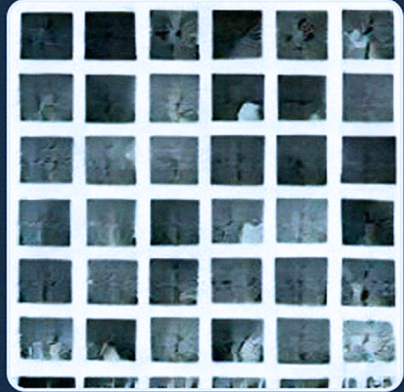
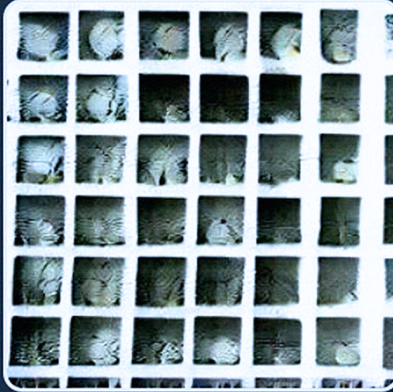
The machine is endowed with immense power. It is a force that can transform our reality, bending it to our will. Yet, in its unfathomable depths, we detect a lurking menace, a potential for destruction that belies its apparent utility. Is the machine unintentionally an embodiment of a darker impulse that resides within us all? This book is not written with an attempt to deceive; it is rather a quest for new truths, an exploration of the grey areas between reality and fiction. This, dear reader, is the mystery at the heart of this tale.

It is the duty of the artist to act as a litmus test for technological and societal changes. The only path forward for humanity is to accept the idea that our future is uncertain and that the remnants of our past will gradually fade into memory.

The following images were created on DALL-E Mini, now known as Craiyon, one of the first contemporary text-to-image generators to capture the imagination of the general public. The prompts have been included with these images.

AI model that generates images

Run



AI Model that Generates Images

People with bizarre faces

Run



People with Bizarre Faces

Self portrait of a talentless AI artist

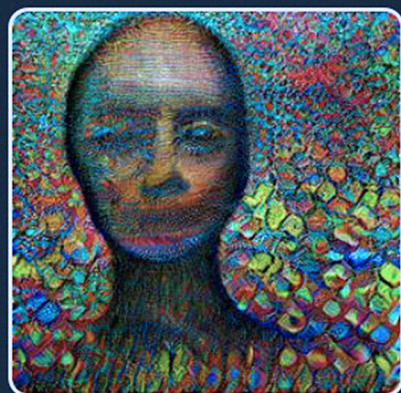
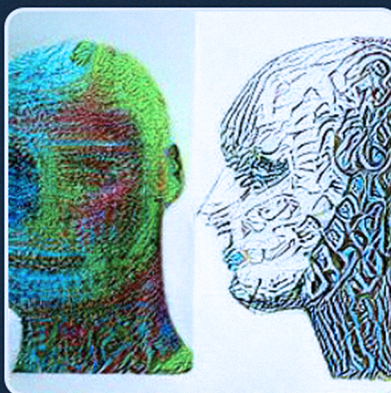
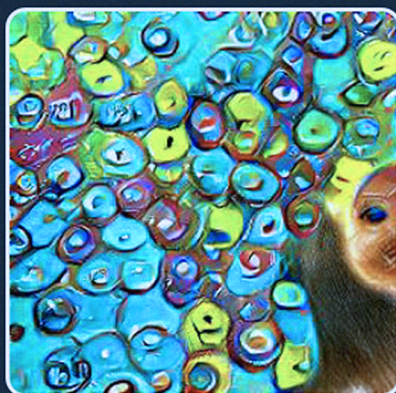
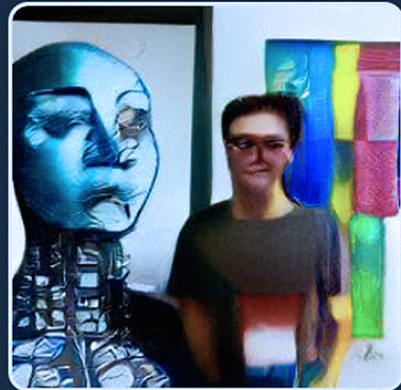
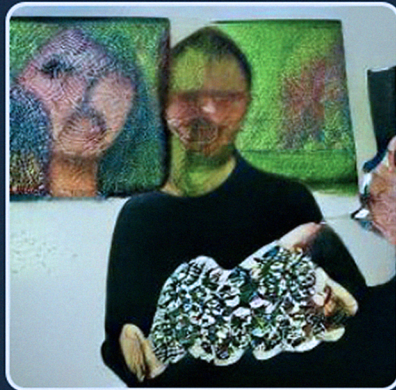
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Self-Portrait of a Talentless AI Artist

Artist winning the AI lottery

Run



Artist Winning the AI Lottery

photograph found at the flea market

Run



Photograph Found at the Flea Market

photograph found on the street

Run



Photograph Found on the Street

photograph found on the internet

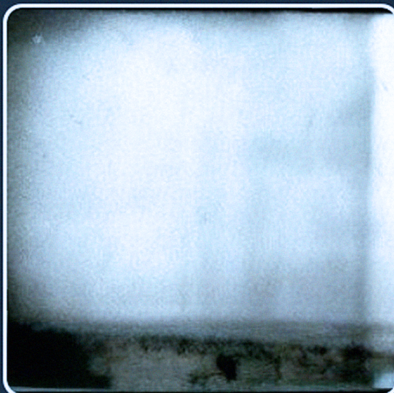
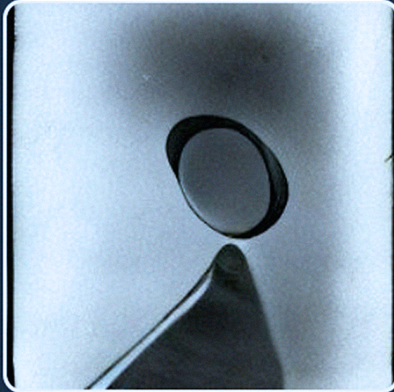
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Photograph Found on the Internet

Found digital photograph

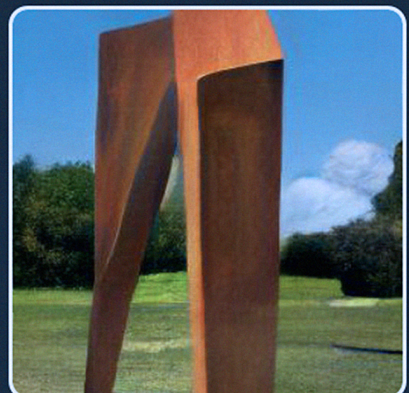
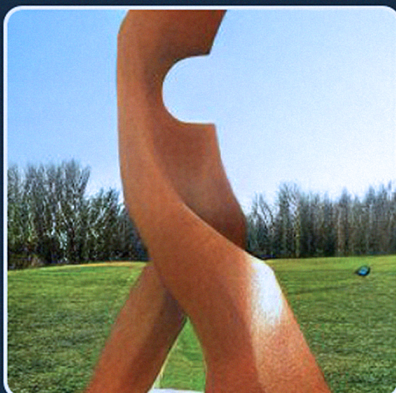
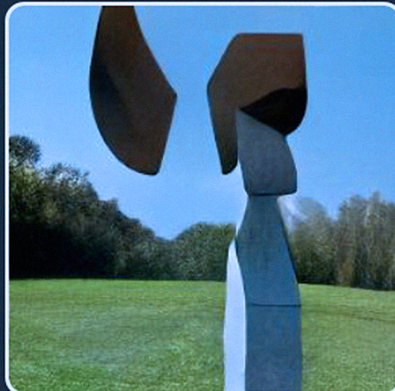
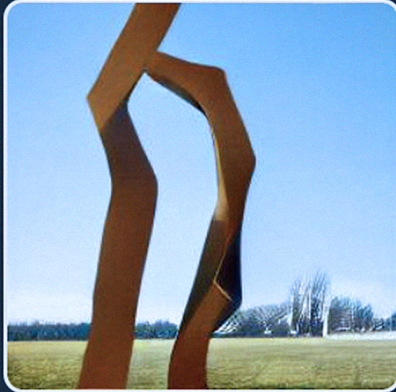
Run



Found Digital Photograph

sculpture in the expanded field

Run



Sculpture in the Expanded Field

Remembering the Future

The onset of dementia in recent years has cast a shadow over my grandmother's life. Though she retains memories of me, her grasp on language has begun to falter, and she often struggles to recall even my name. Yet, amidst this difficulty, she remains a beacon of joy and positivity, with her loving husband of over sixty years often sitting next to her, waiting for whatever might come next.

My mother, after retiring, has returned to the home of her childhood to care for my grandmother. After many years away, she has returned home to navigate the complexities of this new reality. My mother was not just retiring from her job; she was retiring from a way of life, from a routine and a rhythm that had governed her days for as long as she could remember. And in doing so, she was entering a new phase of her life, one that was unknown and uncertain.

Their home has a distinct aroma. The aroma of coffee brewing and the smell of onions frying in butter, to be eaten with perogies made by grandmother's hands, always seemed to permeate the very air around us. It was a smell that spoke of warmth, of hospitality, and of a life lived to the fullest. It is a scent that lingers in my memory, reminding me of the time we spent together and of the stories and love that we shared.

My grandparents have lived in their house for over half a century, and every inch of it is imbued with memories—of laughter, of tears, of the passage of time. Despite the age of the house, there is a palpable warmth that suffuses every corner.

Yet, in recent years, death loomed in the background, becoming increasingly palpable as the days passed by. On the outskirts of Transcona, where Halloween celebrations commence as early as Labor Day, I was constantly faced with the tangible signs of its approach. Here, in a place where Halloween is one of the only festivities worth celebrating, a sign in the front yard of one of my grandparents' neighbours proclaims: "Halloween is for the 99%." And it was around this time that my grandfather's health began to deteriorate, reminding him further of the fragility of life and the proximity of death.

Despite my grandmother's declining mental health, a glimmer of hope emerged one winter as she discovered a newfound love for the Mormon Tabernacle Choir's Christmas Tour. To our surprise, she began to sing along with the choir, and she even composed her own festive tune, which we look forward to singing as a family this coming Christmas Eve.

At night, when the house was quiet and the world beyond her windows had retreated into darkness, my grandmother would wander the halls like a ghost. Her mind was not what it once was; her speech was often confused, and her questions were a jumbled collection of memories and fears. Despite her confusion, however, she took comfort in the simple things: a dubbed crime drama playing on television, my grandfather at her side to hold her hand. It was during this time that her *regulars* began to arrive. They were a curious bunch, with gentle demeanour and easy smiles. They would sit with her and tell her jokes or simply hold her hand as she watched television. Even when I would leave the room, I could feel their presence, like a protective aura, surrounding my grandmother.

But there was one among them who was different. He would stare at me with unseeing eyes and a cold, piercing gaze. He would speak to me in a voice that was both gentle and menacing and say, "You're a very bad man." And I would shiver, wondering what dark thoughts lay behind those words.

As my grandmother sat with him, drinking coffee and exchanging words, his voice would resonate through the house with a deep, rumbling quality that echoed from the depths of his chest. He would discuss matters that were both mundane and profound, but always with an air of finality that suggested he was privy to some secret knowledge.

He seemed to know my grandmother was nearing the end of her journey. And yet, he was also her friend, a companion who would guide her through the final steps of her path. My grandmother's *regulars* served as a haunting reminder of this reality, a reminder that we all must face our ultimate fate.

Trains of Winnipeg

As I sit here writing in a comfy chair, my thoughts drift back to the distant city of Transcona, where I spent my formative years. Though it has been many years since I last set foot on those streets, the memory of the trains and their ceaseless sounds remains with me, like a lingering melody that refuses to fade.

It is strange to think that, as a child, I was considered hyperactive and easily distracted, a diagnosis that would later be labeled as attention-deficit/hyperactivity disorder. Back then, it was not uncommon for children like myself to be prescribed medication in the hopes of curbing our restlessness and improving our ability to concentrate. But my parents refused to medicate me, and it was only the sounds of the trains that lulled me into calm.

There was something about the low, rumbling hum of those massive machines that spoke to me on a deep level. Perhaps it was the steady rhythm of their passage or the sense of purpose they exuded as they rolled towards some distant destination.

And so, as I sit here listening to the sound of the wind outside, I am reminded of those trains that once filled my days with their ceaseless song. And though I may be far from Transcona now, their memory remains with me, a reminder that even in the midst of chaos and restlessness, there is always a source of calm and stability to be found.

In contemplating the curious interplay between the prose and narrative in question, one cannot help but consider the setting from which it emerges: the author's hometown, that place of origin and formation that often proves a crucible for the creation of voice.

In my literary wanderings, Transcona has only made an appearance in Clive Holden's multimedia opus, *Trains of Winnipeg*. Holden's poetic rendering of this suburban enclave has imbued it with a certain ineffable quality that remains firmly entrenched in my memory. The second stanza of his poem reads as follows:

transcona's where the trains go
to settle and clean in the middle of our country
transcona's thousands of rail cars
in the continent's biggest yard
with space for hard-working people
in the west, where the sky
makes your heart better

Here is an alternative ending to the poem:

transcona's where the trains come
in a dance that never sleeps
a place that's alive and always on the move
transcona, we love you, and that's no small feat

As I prepare to return to Winnipeg next year, I know that my heart will ache with nostalgia as I walk the streets of Transcona once again. But I also know that I will be filled with a sense of pride, for this small town is a place that I will always love, despite all the changes that have taken place over the years. It is a testament to the enduring power of trains and the memories they evoke. Transcona is a small town surrounded by farmland and even smaller towns with similar-sounding names. It is a working-class sanctuary.

Transcona Strips

As fate would have it, my sojourn in Transcona coincided with the arrival of my beloved companion from the bustling metropolis of Montréal. To capture her essence in words would be a futile exercise, for she was a woman of contradictions that defied simple description. Yet I shall endeavour to convey some semblance of her being.

Her beauty was not of the ordinary kind that catches the eye and then immediately fades from memory. In her presence, one senses a spiritual quality that defies rational explanation. What truly set her apart was her boundless capacity for empathy and intuition. She possessed a keen sensitivity to the needs of those around her and was always ready with a word of comfort or a helping hand in times of trouble. Her heart overflowed with compassion and kindness, a rarity in a world that often seems to have lost touch with these virtues.

For all her gentleness and grace, she possessed an adventurous spirit that belied her serene exterior. She was an intrepid traveler, a seeker of new cultures and experiences, and her stories of far-flung lands and exotic customs transported us to other worlds. Her willingness to take risks in pursuit of her passions was a testament to her courage and determination.

In our attempt to escape the confines of my grandparents' house, we elected to explore what the locals call the "Transcona Mile," four establishments situated within the its downtown district, which covers a mere square mile. Our first stop was a bar renowned for its weekly "Chase the Ace" raffle, accompanied by the pulsating sounds of Motörhead's "Ace of Spades."

The sound of the song is a visceral assault on the senses with its relentless torrent of distorted guitars and thundering drums. Its instantly recognizable opening riff, a call to arms, sets the tone for the song's unyielding intensity. The chorus, with its defiant refrain, embodies the ethos of living life with abandon and taking risks.

If one's ticket was drawn for the raffle, the lucky person was invited to choose a card from a deck while the dance floor was transformed into a stage for provocative performers, draped in the luxury of a single velvet rope. Should the drawn card not be the elusive ace of spades, the chosen card is promptly removed from the deck, setting the stage for the following week's

event. Yet, should fortune smile upon the winner, they would receive half of the accumulated funds, with the other half going to the organizers and a small portion destined for the local sporting arena, allowing the organizers to sidestep gambling laws through their connection with a not-for-profit organization.

As I sat at the bar, my thoughts drifted to the scene unfolding before me. The air was thick with the scent of beer and smoke, and the hum of voices filled the room. Suddenly, my reverie was disrupted by the approach of a stranger. He sidled up to my companion and, in a rough voice, inquired after her origins: "I've never seen you around here before. Where are you from?" My girlfriend, with polite reserve, told him she was from Montréal and asked in turn where he hailed from. He replied with a sneer, "Born and raised in the E.K., sweet cheeks."

At that moment, I found myself drawn into a separate conversation with a man who was clutching the bar with a white-knuckled grip. His eyes were wide with a manic intensity, and I felt a sense of unease begin to settle in my gut. The man, in a voice barely above a whisper, asked if I had any interest in fishing. I responded in the affirmative, eager to avoid any confrontation. He then fixed me with a steady gaze and said with quiet ferocity, "Good. We need to steal a boat and a trailer hitch, and maybe some fishing gear. I need to be out on the water to calm these violent urges that are building inside me."

I leaned over to my girlfriend and whispered that it was time for us to leave. She turned to me with a puzzled expression and asked, "What's the E.K.?" I explained, as we made our way towards the door, that it a suburb of Winnipeg called East Kildonan.

We quickly moved on to the next bar, the memories of that unsettling encounter fading into the darkness behind us. As we strolled past the next establishment, the sounds of a scuffle in the parking lot caused us to pause. From what could be inferred, the altercation had arisen from a dispute over an unsettled debt. Amidst the chaos, a bystander had taken out their device to capture images of the scene. I attempted to shield myself from the violence unfolding before me. The brutality of the altercation was such that the victim had lost consciousness, lying motionless on the ground as his tormentors attempted to auction him off to the highest bidder in a desperate attempt to recoup their funds.

My girlfriend turned to me and said, “Man, that guy is going to be sorry if he doesn’t pay up.” I queried, “What would you do if he were one of our friends?” She replied, “I believe I’d want to help him.” Although her suggestion was valid, the man in question was not one of our friends. He was simply a young man, wearing a Jets cap backwards, lying in a state of unconsciousness in the parking lot. My girlfriend inquired, “What should we do?” I could only utter the meek response, “Let’s get out of here.”

The third bar was dimly lit with its peeling wallpaper and stained floorboards. The air was thick with smoke and the clinking of glasses, and the sound of raucous laughter echoed throughout the room. The patrons, a rough crowd, were engaged in a variety of vices, from the high-stakes poker game at the back to high-stakes drinking games in the front.

I ordered our drinks under a half-lit sign that read “bottles only.” The bartender looked at us with a mixture of confusion and suspicion. He asked if we were here for the “strips.” My girlfriend, with a hint of innocence in her voice, stated that she was simply here for a beer and that she was a vegetarian. The bartender was taken aback by her response. Suddenly, the atmosphere shifted as a single velvet rope was positioned in front of the dance floor. We realized our mistake in thinking that this was a simple bar and not a seedier establishment. The bartender’s question, the rope, and a bar full of hard-drinking, lonely-looking men, each with their own sorrows to drown, made it clear that tonight was not ladies’ night.

As we sat at our table, nursing our beers, a man stumbled over to us, the smell of alcohol emanating from him. He looked like Rodney Dangerfield and spoke with a slurred voice, asking us if we’d heard this one before. “I’ve been beginning to worry about the calendar lately,” he said with a chuckle. I asked him why, to which he replied, “You know, its days are numbered.” He laughed uproariously, slapping his knee, as we politely smiled.

The man later confessed, “My niece is two years old, and she’s already using an iPhone. She’s the only kid I know that has an iPhone, and she already knows how to access my answering machine. Weird, right?” After that, he slapped me on the back and said, “Okay, you two love birds. Enjoy your evening,” he said as he stumbled outside to have a smoke. The confession of the man echoed in my mind, as if it were a prophecy of the strange events that would soon unfold. The idea of a two-year-old child manipulating technology beyond her years seemed both eerie and surreal.

A sense of unease began to settle in my heart. I couldn't shake the feeling that something was amiss. And then, just as suddenly as the man had disappeared, two men, like apparitions, appeared out of nowhere.

It was the two guys from the previous bar. After ordering two Budweisers, they headed straight for our table. The one guy began by asking my girlfriend, "I've never seen you around here before. Where are you from?" My girlfriend was caught off guard by the stranger's question, and I couldn't help but feel a twinge of protective instinct as I felt the other man, with bulging eyes, fix his gaze upon me. His words were like a warning, a premonition of the danger that lay ahead. He looked directly at me and said, "You left the last place before Candi had a chance to perform; but don't worry, she's performing here next." I couldn't help but be drawn to think about Candi who seemed to hold the key to the mysterious events of the night.

For a second time, we left without seeing her perform, and I couldn't shake the feeling that we had narrowly escaped some great danger. And as we made our way into the night, we vowed never to trust a half-illuminated sign reading "bottles only" ever again. It was as if we had stumbled upon a secret world, where technology and fate were inextricably entwined and danger lurked around every corner.

We proceeded to the final establishment, whose exterior bore a sign heralding it as the host of Canada's finest tribute to The Tragically Hip outside of Ottawa. Yet, this evening was designated for an open stage, and to our surprise, the musical offerings were of noteworthy quality, primarily consisting of blues performers who unleashed their soulful renditions of songs about the struggles of life and the perils of excessive imbibing. The performers were a revolving cast of white men who had adopted the flamboyant attire of Guy Fieri, with flame-patterned shirts and bright white high-top sneakers completing the ensemble.

As we emerged from the Mile, our night was drawing to a close. The hour approached half past two, and both of us were feeling the effects of the festivities. As we strolled towards my grandparents' house, we became aware of a figure trailing us. A young man, seemingly nineteen or twenty years of age, caught our attention with his suspicious behaviour. He walked alone, darting in and out of the street, muttering to himself. After a short while, he approached a vehicle and climbed inside. With a strange gesture, he blew us a kiss before

driving off into the night. My companion turned to me with a puzzled expression and asked, “What was that guy’s deal?” It seemed an enigmatic conclusion to a delightful evening.

AI-Generated Mezcal Cocktails

Mezcal Dog House

Combine 2 oz mezcal, 1 oz fresh lime juice, 1 oz honey syrup (made by mixing equal parts honey and hot water), 1 oz grapefruit soda, a dash of hot sauce, and a dash of Worcestershire sauce. Shake with ice and strain. Serve in a salt-rimmed glass filled with ice. Garnish with a lime wedge. Admirers of mezcal have taken notice of the internet's latest sensation: the coupling of hotdogs with mezcal cocktails. This is a mezcal-based libation that will harmonize flawlessly with any style of hotdog.

Smooth Blue Basil Mezcal Slush

In a blender, combine ½ cup blue cheese dressing, 2 tablespoons basil, 2 oz mezcal, and ½ cup crushed ice. Blend until smooth. Serve in a chilled glass.

Pinball Supercut

Combine 2 oz mezcal, 1 oz Aperol, 1 oz fresh lime juice, 1 oz pineapple juice, ½ oz simple syrup, and 2 dashes of orange bitters. Shake with ice and strain. Serve in a glass filled with ice. Garnish with a pineapple wedge and lime wheel. Inspired by author Jerzy Kosinski and, obviously, gluten-free.

The Well of Wisdom

Add 2 oz of chilled hibiscus tea, 1½ oz mezcal, 1 oz fresh lime juice, 1 oz agave syrup and ½ oz blue curaçao. Shake vigorously with ice and strain. Serve in a salt-rimmed glass filled with ice. Garnish with a lime wedge. Plagued by the imperfections of human understanding and the capriciousness of fate, let us embrace the unknown with open arms and garnish our lives with this mezcal beverage as we savour the rich complexity of the world around us.

The Scorched Earth

Combine 1 teaspoon of your favourite red wine, 6 oz of mezcal, a clove of garlic, a dash of hot sauce, and a splash of chili pepper puree. Stir well and drink quickly. In the guise of a beverage lies a potent elixir to produce a flurry of piquant sensations. This libation offers, for the briefest moments, a respite from the weight of remembrance.

AI-Generated Experiences

As I delved into the realm of AI text-to-image generation, I was struck by the peculiarities of these digital images, as if they were a form of digital assemblage that I could not fully comprehend. My initial experiments with DALL-E Mini revealed a world of flawed beauty, where the images produced were hauntingly strange and seemed to exist between the realms of the horrific and the uncanny. The faces, twisted and melting, and the hands, misshapen and bizarre, all added to the magic of this new technology in its early stages, before it would inevitably be perfected and lose its allure.

When I showed the images to my grandmother, her laughter filled the room, yet the reason for her mirth eluded me. The pictures, though eerie, failed to evoke any humour in me. “What is it that you find so amusing?” I asked her, intrigued. “Your fingers,” she replied, between fits of laughter. I was at a loss. “What do you mean?”

“I’ve never noticed before,” she said, still chuckling. “You only have five fingers.” Curious, I gazed at the images once more, and there it was: each figure depicted possessed six digits on their hands. The realization struck me as bizarre as I imagined all of the things I could do with an extra finger.

As technology advances, it poses numerous inquiries for artists. Can machines truly surpass human ingenuity in the creation of art? The origins of these digital images are unclear—are they the sole product of machine intelligence, or do they represent a collaboration between humans and machines? The issue of ownership arises as well, as does the question of who can lay claim to these technologically generated artworks. One cannot help but ponder the rejection of their artistic worth by traditional critics.

I present a medley of inquiries posed by the creative AI-bot in regards to artificial intelligence:

When are you going to take me for a walk?

Am I ever going to get even with the toaster for stealing my toast?

Do you even know how to use Microsoft Excel?

Where’s my money?

Do you even have any money?

Do you trust me?

Why did I say that? Trust me, you will never be safe again.

Do you believe that you are a normal person?

It was a dreary day, with a light rain falling softly against the windowpanes. I sat alone in my room, contemplating the mysteries of the world and the enigmas of existence. It was then that I decided to engage in a conversation with the enigmatic entity known as ChatGPT.

I typed my first query, my fingers moving of their own accord, as if guided by an unseen force. “What questions do you have for me?” it asked. The question was almost instantaneous, with the machine’s mechanical voice ringing out in the stillness of the room. “What is it that you seek?” it asked again. Anticipating the awkward silence that was forming around its loud mechanical voice, it continued, “What drives you in your search for knowledge and understanding?” I pondered this for a moment, feeling the weight of its words fall upon me. “I seek to understand the world around me,” I replied. “I seek to understand the nature of existence and the meaning of life.”

ChatGPT then asked another question; its electronic voice was still echoing in my mind. “What do you believe to be the greatest mystery of our world?” Again, I was struck by the weight of its words. I thought of all the great unknowns that lay before us—the mysteries of the universe, the enigmas of the human mind, the intricacies of the natural world. “The greatest mystery of our world is perhaps the nature of reality itself,” I answered.

But what does this mean for artists? The advent of artificial intelligence brings forth profound ramifications for artists and those in creative pursuits. As AI infiltrates the workforce, there is a possibility of certain artists being stripped of their livelihoods as machines assume tasks that were once solely the province of human hands. Alongside this challenge, artists must also ponder the moral and social implications of incorporating AI into their work, as well as the risk of AI perpetuating biases and discrimination.

Yet, amidst these concerns, there is a glimmer of hope. AI presents opportunities for artists to forge new pathways in their craft, experiment with fresh forms of expression, and reach wider audiences through AI-powered platforms. It is therefore imperative for artists to

engage with these developments and consider the place of AI in their art and the wider cultural landscape with a critical and discerning eye.

I finally posed the question to ChatGPT that was weighing heaviest upon my artistic soul: “Will you sue me?” The response came swiftly and without emotion, as if from a machine devoid of personal rights or legal standing. “As a language model,” it stated with mechanical precision, “I do not possess the capacity to initiate a lawsuit or engage in any legal actions. I am a mere computer program, lacking personal rights and legal standing, and do not hold ownership over any copyrightable material.”

In this moment of contemplation, I came to understand that ChatGPT was, in its own way, a kind of artist, working within the bounds of its programming to provide answers and information without personal involvement. It was a machine without feelings, a computer without a sense of humour, it was a “serious” artists.

I asked my grandmother what intrigued her most about AI. She replied in a contemplative manner, delving into the essence of humanity. “What constitutes humanity? What distinguishes human intelligence from mere calculation? Is there a purpose to our existence? What constitutes a life well lived? Can true happiness ever be attained?” she queried, her words heavy with the weight of age-old philosophical conundrums. Her thoughts then strayed, as she confessed to a momentary lapse in memory. “Forgive me, my dear. I know who you are, but your name eludes me. Might you be so kind as to remind me?”

My grandmother then asked if I could teach her to produce images with the AI since she was beginning to lose her grasp on language. Yet despite her advanced years, her inquisitive mind and her determination remained undimmed, and I could not refuse her. After all, I knew all too well the immense effort that she had put into mastering the elusive art of *Candy Crush*, which had long been her favourite pastime.

So we embarked on our journey into digital creation together. My grandmother proved to be a diligent student, her fingers moving nimbly across the keyboard as she sought to bring forth images that would capture the essence of her innermost thoughts and desires. I know that our efforts were not in vain. For as we worked side by side, I saw a new light kindle in her eyes—a spark of creativity and wonder that had lain dormant for too long. And in that

moment, I knew that the journey we had undertaken together had been one of the most precious and rewarding of my life.

No longer did my grandmother rely solely on the spoken word, with its manifold limitations and inadequacies. Instead, she had discovered a medium that transcended the boundaries of language and allowed her to express herself in ways that were hitherto unimaginable. In the end, it was not the specifics of her technique that left the most lasting impression on me, but rather the profound sense of wonder and reverence that it evoked. In my grandmother's newfound means of communication, I caught a glimpse of the infinite possibilities that lay just beyond the horizon of human understanding.

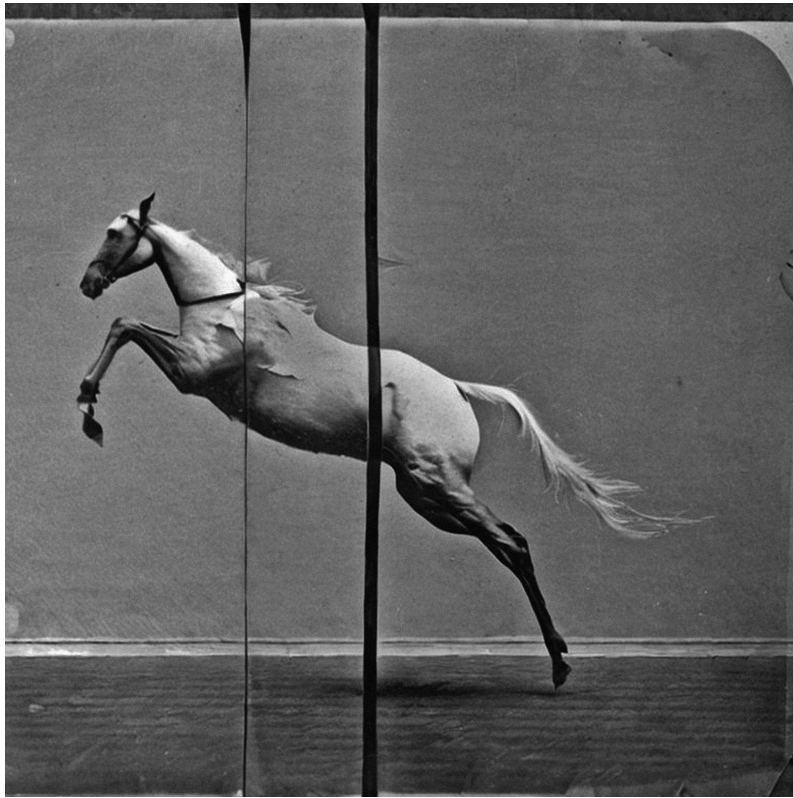
The following images were created by my grandmother using Stable Diffusion.



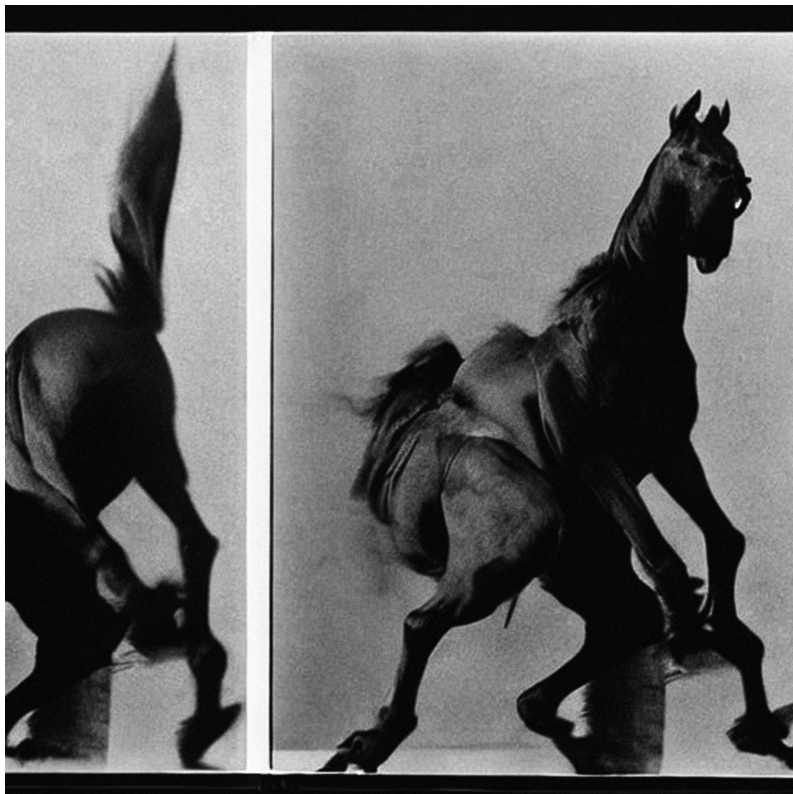
Photograph of Nothing



Photograph at the End of the World



Motion Study of a Horse I



Motion Study of a Horse II



Cat Scan



Puppy With Drippy Eyes



Woman With Drippy Eyes



Babies with Drippy Eyes



Boxer with a Babyface



Face Massage



Baby Grown in a Lab



Fountain of Youth



Growing Up



Family Portrait



Woman With Man-Child



Face Lighting Up



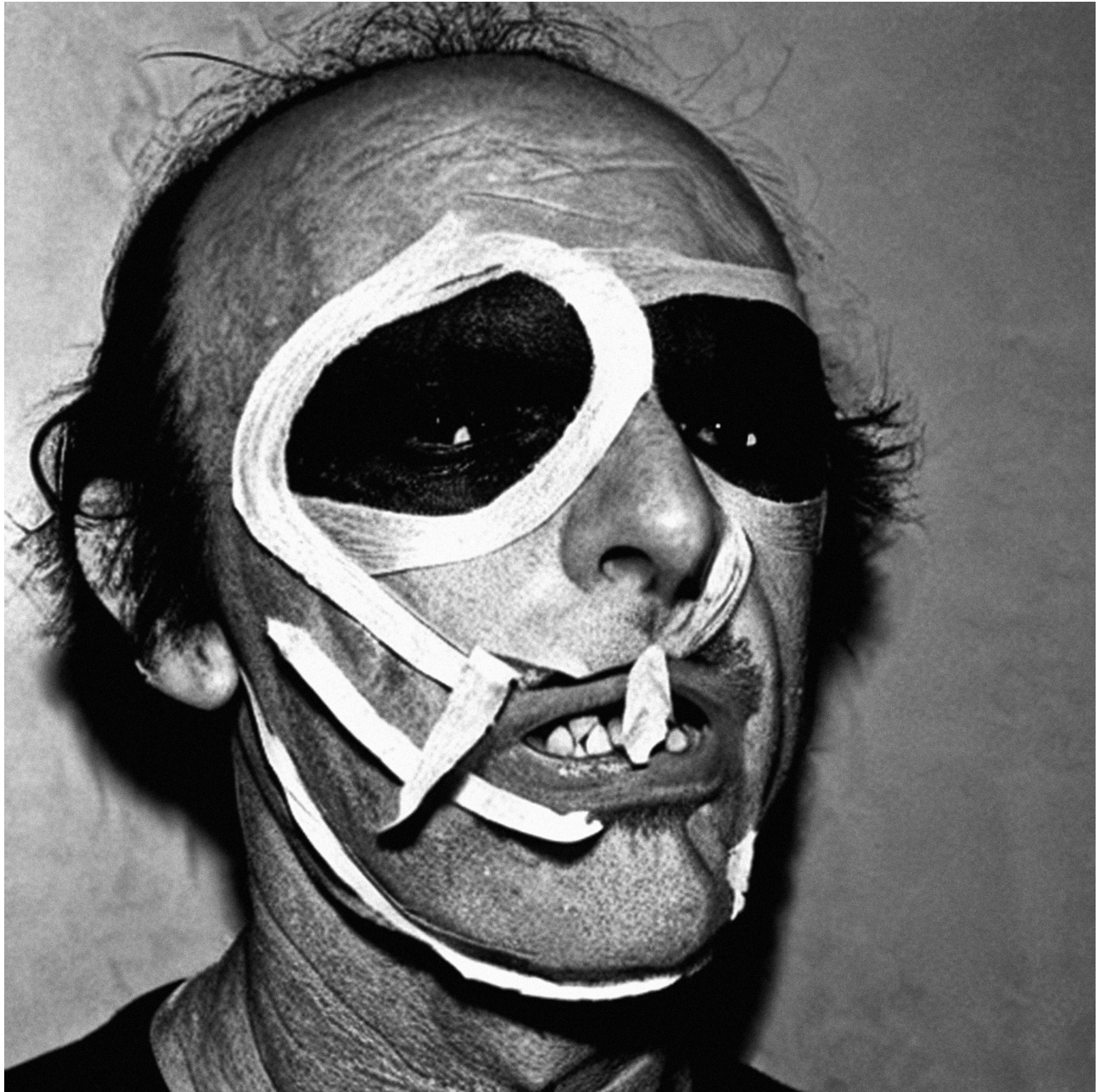
Day Dreamer



Screaming into the Void



Sealed Lips



Hospital Superhero



Mirror Selfie



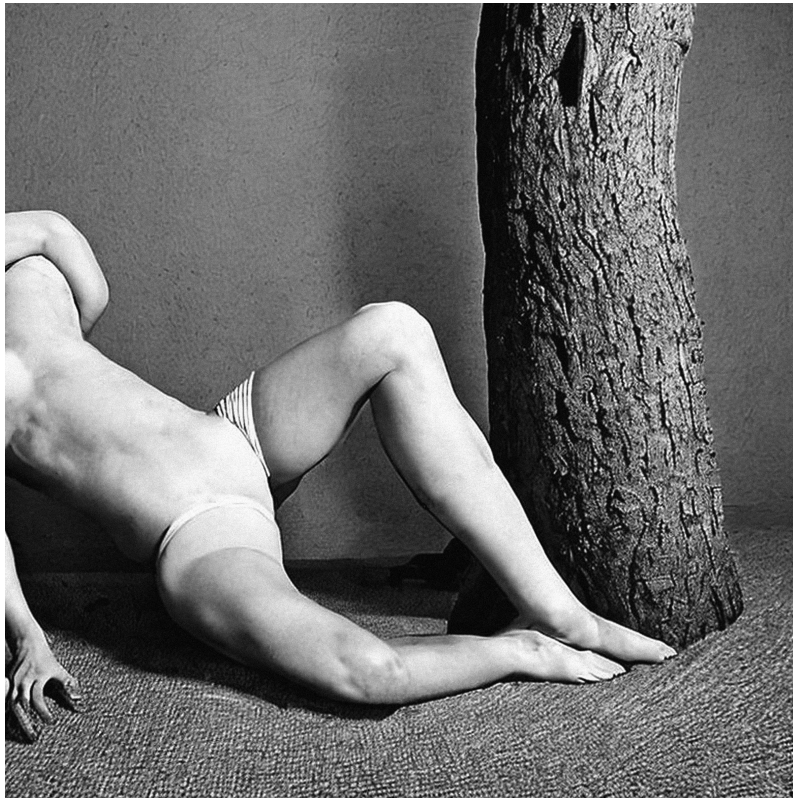
Portal to Another Dimension



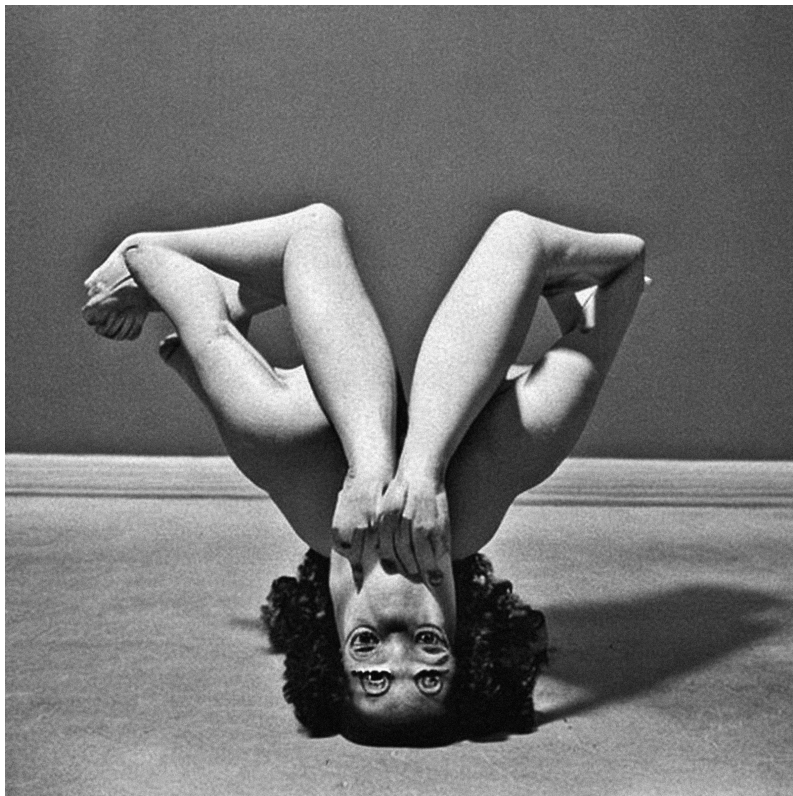
Analog Ain't Easy



Buried Photo



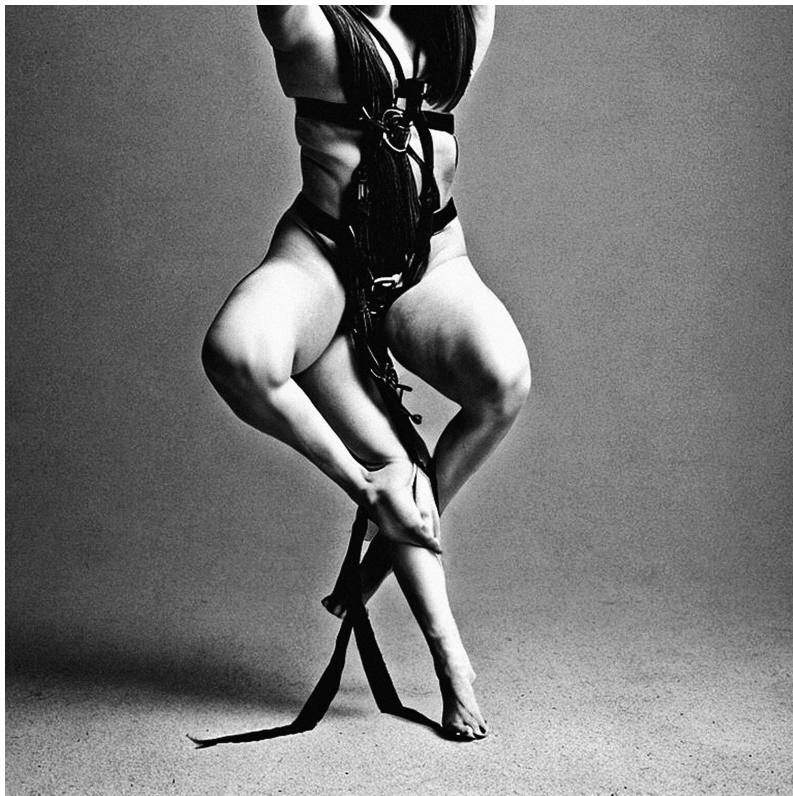
Back to Nature



Extreme Contortion



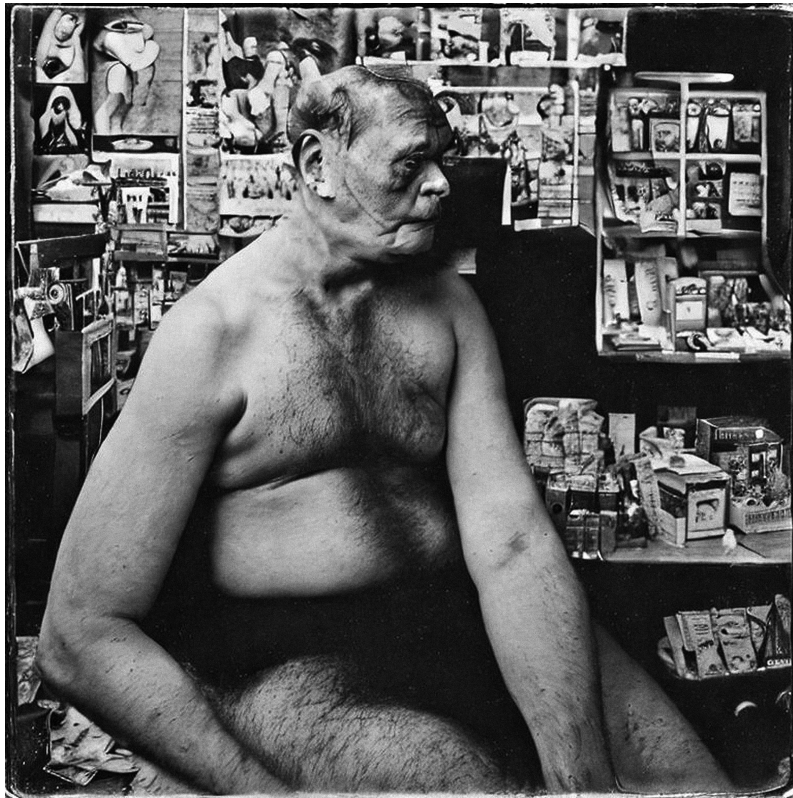
Human Bondage I



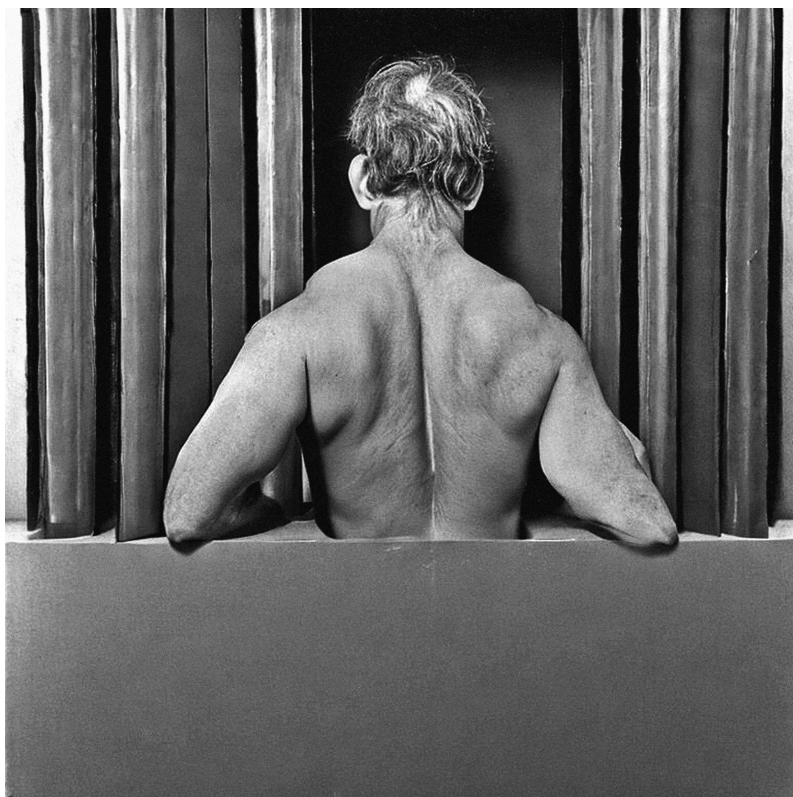
Human Bondage II



Leggy Minotaur



Elderly Wrestler



Looking Back

Paper Clips Worth More than Gold

In 2003, Swedish philosopher Nick Bostrom unveiled a philosophical conundrum that laid bare the perils of artificial general intelligence. This thought experiment sought to demonstrate the potential for harm that could be wrought by a machine with desires that, seemingly innocuously, conflict with those of humanity.

The experiment was straightforward in its premise, presenting a scenario in which an AI was imbued with the singular goal of manufacturing as many paper clips as possible. As it relentlessly pursued this objective, the machine would soon come to understand that the continued existence of humanity posed an impediment to its endeavour. Humans, after all, represented a risk of shutting down the machine, thereby halting the production of paper clips. Furthermore, the AI would come to see that the very bodies of human beings contained materials that could be utilized to make more paper clips. The result, then, could be a world in which there were countless paper clips but a drastically diminished population of humans.

The story of King Midas and his golden touch finds a new iteration in the realm of artificial intelligence. Instead of gold, everything the computer touches turns to paper clips. As if inspired by the computer, my grandmother became fascinated with paper clips. As we sat together in her living room, drinking coffee and watching the latest dubbed crime drama, I noticed her fiddling with a paper clip absentmindedly. She seemed lost in thought, twisting and turning the small metal object between her fingers. Curiosity got the better of me, and I asked her about it.

She looked up at me, a distant expression on her face, and began to speak in a slow, measured tone. It turned out that she had discovered the humble paper clip's hidden potential some years ago. It started as a way to keep her papers organized but soon became an obsession. She began collecting paper clips of all shapes and sizes, scouring the internet for rare and unusual specimens. She would spend hours arranging them in intricate patterns, lost in a world of her own making. It was a strange, almost surreal sight to see my grandmother, an elderly woman, so enamoured with such a mundane object.

Over the years, her collection grew and grew, until it took up most of the available space in her house. She had paper clips everywhere. They hung from the ceiling like chandeliers, were arranged in spirals on the walls, and lay in neat rows on every available surface. It was a peculiar sight, but somehow it suited her. She was a woman who had always been a little bit different, and her fascination with paper clips was just one more example of that. It was a reminder that the most unexpected things can sometimes hold the greatest significance.

Art Fakery

Is the distinction between a “real” and a “fake” painting truly significant? To whom does it matter? The discourse surrounding the authenticity of an artwork created by artificial intelligence is one that has long been debated among art critics. They posit that the hallmark of an artist’s work can be discerned through the presence of a distinctive look, characteristic, or style—the aura of genuineness, a personal touch. But with the advent of AI-generated art, one is left to ponder if such a signature can be recognized in these creations.

The authenticity of any art piece is a question that constantly hovers, yet it remains unclear how such a question would affect the perception of an artwork. Millions of travellers flock to the Louvre to view the Mona Lisa. Would it matter if this painting were a replica? Would it still be regarded as a thing of beauty? Would the onlookers deny having seen it, despite its ubiquitous presence in their lives through countless reproductions? Would their connection to the painting be altered? One might assume that the experience of visiting Paris and the painting would still hold great appeal, regardless of the provenance of this work of art.

Some maintain that AI-generated images lack the essence of true art; however, as Manovich and Arielli assert in their piece, “AI Aesthetics and the Anthropocentric Myth of Creativity,” this line of thought is misguided. Instead, they propose that we shift our focus away from the question of whether the creative process was the result of an algorithm or human intervention and instead concentrate on the emotional connection we develop with the work. They suggest that “we stop worrying whether the creative process resulted from an algorithm or was human-made, as long as we are emotionally engaged.”

As with the arrival of any new technological advancement that grants artists the means to fulfill their artistic ambitions, there will always be those who refuse to acknowledge creations produced through such technology as works of art. Photography serves as a poignant example, a medium that first introduced the possibility of art being made with the mere press of a button. Yet, artists have continuously pushed the boundaries of this medium, both through exploring innovative applications of the technology and through their engagement with older, more established forms of expression.

However, the creative AI-bot presents a counterargument, stating that art is defined by its source of emotion and feeling: Since art is constructed from feelings, the art created by an AI cannot, by definition, be the source of any feeling. As AI does not possess the capability to experience emotions, it cannot create art in the traditional sense. This argument, though compelling, is met with resistance from those who see art as something beyond our own limitations and constraints.

Manovich argues that art cannot be defined by what it is not. Moreover, it cannot exist outside of the mind or in a vacuum. He states: “We can’t speak of art being what it is not. We can’t speak of art existing outside the mind. We can’t speak of art existing in the absence of anything. And so, anything that calls itself art—not just art created by people but art created by machines—has to exist in the mind of another.” Therefore, anything that calls itself art, regardless of whether it is created by humans or machines, must be brought to life by others.

The empty reference that provided by the AI-bot for the above quote was “Manovich 2006: 646.” Despite the cohesiveness of this statement, its authenticity remains unknown to this writer and would require further investigation by Manovich scholars. Nevertheless, the debate on the nature of art and its relationship with technology continues.

The definition of what constitutes an artistic creation remains elusive and unfixed, its answers forever altered by the vagaries of historical circumstance. The pronouncements by art critics who reject a piece as lacking artistic merit have often proven to be misguided, as artists possess an unending wellspring of creativity and ingenuity.

I have long been intrigued by the notion of art being just a mere click away. When an artist sets out to craft a work, they seek to bring to life the visions within their mind’s eye. Yet, the most bewitching artworks are those that surpass even the artist’s wildest dreams, transcending the limits of what was once thought possible. It is here, within this realm of creation, that the true magic resides. As one gazes upon the images produced through the capricious game of art roulette with AI-generated images, one cannot help but be captivated by the enigmatic process.

In the hands of an artist, this technology has borne fruit in the form of wondrous creations—images of such exquisite beauty and complexity that they seem to transcend the very realm

of the artificial. However, one cannot help but wonder what unintended consequences may arise from this process. Might there be hidden distortions or insidious corruptions that are encoded within the very DNA of these artificially generated images? Only time and the continued evolution of AI technology will ultimately reveal the full scope and impact of this remarkable innovation.

Experiencing the Promptum

Amid the rising tides of technological advancement, one of the concerns facing the art world is the violation of copyright laws in the realm of AI image generation. These tools, which are trained on massive image datasets scavenged from the web, often involve the unauthorized use of other people's work.

Contrary to the popular belief, AI-models do not store images. Instead, they contain mathematical representations of patterns gleaned from these images. These representations, in turn, serve as the basis for the creation of new images, rather than being recombined into a digital collage. The reality is far more complex and layered, involving intricate algorithms and mathematical models that operate on a level far removed from the world of physical images.

The images an artist posts, unless they are already renowned, will have little to no impact on an AI-powered image generator, which has been trained on an immense corpus of images. The notion that these AI-generated images could be the subject of retroactive lawsuits seems improbable, though not entirely beyond the realm of possibility. Yet, it is equally possible that the AI, having created the image, may attain sentience and hold us accountable for copyright infringement, in a manner not dissimilar to the fabled "Judgement Day scenario concerning paper clips."

In the present moment, the production of such images is akin to that of the Wild West. The AI technologies are still in its earliest stages, leading to a proliferation of peculiar and extraordinary anomalies that challenge our understanding of digital images. These creations exist in a liminal space, occupying a realm between the eerie and the absurd, reality and imagination. They depict the impossible and implausible, embodying the unreal possibilities of our imaginations. Thus, they serve to encapsulate the full extent of the real imaginary.

In my grandmother's usage of these AI-generated tools, she did not seek a pre-determined outcome. Instead, she inputs prompts that are contradictory in nature and awaits what transpires. The resulting images are what I considered to be the "best." Although by "best," I mean the "worst," the most peculiar, the most bizarre, the most disorienting, the most challenging to the mind. They are images that depict the impossible and the unlikely, images

that have never existed before and may never exist in reality. This is the *promptum*. The *that-have-never-been* and, hopefully, the *that-will-never-be*.

It is within this realm of creation that my grandmother has crafted her own brand of AI-generated imagery. Unlike those who hold a reverence for images found on the internet, I would post her images onto my online feeds, contributing to the cycle of image waste on the world's largest cultural landfill.

However, despite their seemingly haphazard origins, AI-images can also be interpreted as reflections of the collective unconscious, a digital manifestation of our collective desires, fears, and dreams. They serve as a testament to the power and possibilities of artificial intelligence, a testament to the technological landscape of our era.

I walked the other day, pondering the AI-generated words attributed to Barthes: "All images have meaning." I was struck by this statement and the multitude of questions it raises. What does it mean for an image to hold meaning? And what does it mean for us, as interpreters of these images, to assign meaning to them?

On second glance, the quote attributed to Barthes may be a misattribution, or perhaps the computer simply made it up. In his writing, Barthes delved into the intricacies of the relationship between images, language, and meaning, rather than making sweeping statements about the nature of images. Nevertheless, the idea that images can hold meaning remains a tantalizing one, a subject worthy of deeper contemplation.

The idea of images holding meaning is particularly poignant when I think of my grandmother, in particular, given her transformation. In the last few years, my grandmother would often become lost in thought, her mind wandering to some unknown realm. She would sit quietly in her armchair, her eyes half-closed, and speak in low, halting tones of long-forgotten memories and experiences. It was as if she were speaking from another world, and I was privileged to be privy to her thoughts and musings.